



## The Household Fairy.

They may talk of their fables, their myths,  
and their gnomes  
As much as we long as they please,  
But give us the machine which enlivens our  
house.

And causes enjoyment and ease:  
Some Fairies are all very well in their way,  
Though I confess one I never have seen—  
While in sight, on the table, 'click, click,'  
through the day,  
Sings the song of my Sewing Machine!

Ah! there once was a time when I bent o'er  
my loom  
Till tears stained the cambric or lawn,  
And when daylight had dawn, by the glim-  
mer of oil  
I often slaved on till the dawn.

But now long ere noon all my needlework  
is done—  
And handiwork done too, I mean,  
I'm as free as a bird whose wings flash in the  
sun—  
Thanks—thanks to my Sewing Machine.

What blessings doth science on labor confer  
When inventing so useful a gift,  
Which converts into comfort our own trouble and  
care,  
And our duties combine with our thrift:

Ah! could I find, who composed the shirt's  
heart-touching song,  
My GAYNE & BAKER had seen,  
I've no doubt he'd have written another as long  
And as good, on my Sewing Machine.

KATE.

## The Moss Rose.

The angel of flowers one day,  
Saw a moss-rose lay  
(That spirit to whose charge is given  
To bathe young buds in dew of heaven)  
Awaking from his slumber,  
The angel whispered to the rose:  
'Oh, choicest object of my care!  
Still fairest found when all is fair—  
For the sweet shade thou'rt given me  
Ask what thou wilt—'tis granted thee.'  
'Then,' said the rose, with deepened glow,  
'O me another grace bestow.'  
The spirit passed in silent thought,  
What grace was there the flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment—'or the rose  
A veil of moss the angel threw,  
And clothed in Nature's simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

## A Destructive War Engine.

We mentioned some time since that two  
of our ingenious citizens, Messrs. Wright  
and Gould, had completed the model of  
a rotary cannon which could be fired at  
the rate of sixty rounds per minute. Since  
that announcement the inventors have been  
engaged in having constructed a working  
model of the gun, which is now finished,  
and was tested yesterday afternoon in a  
vacant building on Washington street. The  
piece is a beautiful little brass gun of the  
usual shape, mounted on wheels, and so  
constructed that a rotary cylinder consti-  
tutes the breech, which contains four charge-  
holders, replenished by means of a hopper,  
and fired as rapidly as a man can work an or-  
dinary lever backward and forward. The  
piece is discharged by electricity, and from  
this results an important and valuable dis-  
covery, which was developed after the com-  
pletion of the piece. By means of the bat-  
tery and wires connecting with the cylin-  
der, by which ignition is caused, the cylin-  
der becomes perfectly electrified, which  
keeps it as cool as if continually bathed  
with ice. Some two hundred rounds were  
fired yesterday in rapid succession at the  
rate of about thirty rounds per minute, at  
the end of which time, without using the  
usual means, the breech was much colder than  
when the firing commenced. The rapidity  
of the firing was much retarded by the  
bad quality of the cartridge in use, but  
such as it was it was sufficient to demon-  
strate the complete success of the inven-  
tion. We understand that as soon as all  
arrangements are completed the inventors  
will proceed to Washington and lay their  
plans before the Government.—*Buffalo*  
*Express* 23d.

**A MODERATE IRISHMAN.**—John Mitch-  
ell, the Irish fugitive from English justice  
or injustice, thus defines his position in his  
paper at Knoxville:

I am a moderate man, and confine my  
views for the present to dissolution of the  
Union—revival of the African trade—  
Americanization of Cuba, Central Amer-  
ica, Mexico and the West Indian Islands—  
and establishment of a potent Southern  
Confederation, based on Slavery; that's  
all; as for the conquest of the Northern  
States, I would defer that; though, indeed,  
Mr. Spratt, of Charleston, whom I ac-  
knowledge as pastor and master (boss) in  
American politics, has no doubt that Sla-  
very will ultimately prevail in those at Sla-  
very too benighted communities, and save  
them from anarchy, otherwise coming up-  
on them like an armed man.

**FOUNDER IN HORSES.**—Take 3 lb. of  
alum, dissolve in hot water, let it cool,  
then pour it down the horse. Don't be  
afraid; it will cure. If the horse is stiff  
put his feet in hot water, one at a time.—  
A. B. C., Crystal Lake, McHenry co., Ill.

## The Carroll Free Press.

"THE UNION OF THE STATES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION."

VOL. 26.

CARROLLTON, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1858.

NO. 20.

## "Not Quite so Bad."

The Bellefonte Democrat tells a good  
story of Sam Pike, who had been down  
the river this Spring, with a raft. Return-  
ing home, he stopped at a tavern, where  
quite a crowd were discussing the Kansas  
question. Sam had not slept the previous  
night, and was about squaring himself out  
for a comfortable snooze, when one of the  
loudest, turning to him, said:

"Here sits a Lecompton man, I'll bet the  
liquor for the room."

"Don't! said his opponent, who was an  
anti-Lecompton."

"Now then, friend," said No. 1, "in or-  
der to decide this bet, will you be so kind  
as to tell us whether you are a Lecompton  
man?"

"What makes you think so?" asked Sam.  
"Because, sir, you look like one; I can  
always tell them by their looks," replied  
No. 1.

"Do I?" answered Sam. "Well, gentle-  
men, I was on a raft from Snow Shoe to  
Marietta; I have been drunk for two weeks  
but I had no idea that I looked as hard  
as that."

The Lecomptoner paid the bet and  
sloped.

**TESTING SEED CORN.**—Take a knife  
and cut the grain in two at right angles  
with the kernel, and if the corn is good  
and possessed of vitality, the kernel will  
present a solid, white appearance; but if  
not, then the kernel will be dark and  
spongy, looking something the color of  
frost-bitten apples or other vegetables. The  
kernel is not, but the difference of color  
will determine this. Very little practice is  
necessary to detect bad corn. Take a few  
grains known to be good, and some other-  
wise, and by cutting them as directed  
above, you will soon be able to distinguish  
between the two. This method is said to  
be infallible.

## Moral Heroism.

The Philadelphia papers say that, with  
the exception of Dr. Kane's, there has been  
no such funeral in their city, either in re-  
spect to the concourse drawn together or  
the feeling manifested, as that in which the  
last honors were paid to the Rev. Dudley  
A. Tyng, on Thursday. It is a fact not  
without moral significance. What was it  
that gave that young man such a hold up-  
on the popular respect? He had talent,  
but not above that of hundreds of others  
who die comparatively unnoticed. He had  
too, amiable disposition and fine so-  
cial traits; but these qualities are found at  
every third door in the city. Nor was it  
his sacred profession that made him so  
marked an object of general regard. Min-  
isters of the gospel are out down over in  
the very flower of their days, and yet out-  
side of their own churches, there is no such  
special sorrow. We must look elsewhere  
than either to the intellectual or the social  
elements of the man, or the mere nature  
of his calling, for an explanation of the  
peculiar breadth and depth of feeling which  
his death has excited in the great commu-  
nity where he lived. Now, what was it?  
Clearly the heroic spirit of the man. He  
had given proof in a most signal way,  
of the very highest order of courage and self-  
devotion in the performance of what he  
solemnly believed to be duty. The cir-  
cumstances under which he gave up one  
of the first pulpits in the land, and sacri-  
ficed, as it appeared, every bright earthly  
prospect rather than speak "with bated  
breath" of the spiritual wickedness in high  
places, have not yet faded from the public  
memory. Few of our young have under-  
gone such an ordeal, and none ever showed  
more sterling stuff. His fidelity to what he  
believed to be his duty could not but ex-  
tort the admiration of every generous soul,  
whether agreeing with him in opinion or  
not. Say what you may, there is no qual-  
ity that so takes hold of the hearts of men  
as conscientious Courage. It may for the  
moment irritate and perhaps incense, but  
its high quality never fails to be so appre-  
ciated. It is not the understanding, but the  
spirit that makes the man; and the spirit  
that is noble and faithful and divine, that  
is the slave of no earthly ambition, and  
the tool of no earthly interest, and is  
fearless in the sense of right, challenges,  
nay compels men's reverence.—*N. Y.*  
*Com. and Eng.*

## Pens and Potatoes.

Here is something new, from the *Agricul-  
tural Gazette*: "I tried a curious ex-  
periment with a few potatoes this season.  
Twelve months since, I saw a letter from a  
farmer, stating the great success that had  
attended an experiment the writer had  
made in the previous season. It consisted  
in inserting a pea in each potato-set, and  
planting the potato set in the usual way.  
The result, he stated, was a large yield of  
peas, and a splendid crop of potatoes, but  
the most important result was the entire  
freedom of the potatoes from disease, while  
all those planted in the usual way, in the  
same field, were extensively deteriorated.  
I was led, by this statement, to try the ex-  
periment on a small scale, in my own gar-  
den, this season. I planted not quite a  
half a peck; only fifty sets, in six ranks,  
cutting a piece out of each, and putting a  
pea firmly in. The peas grew up and flour-  
ished well, and last week I dug the pota-  
toes. They were perfectly free from all  
taint or speck of disease, and very fine and  
large, while in the same bed, close to them,  
was another lot planted in the old style,  
nearly half of which were rotten. I leave  
your readers to draw their own conclu-  
sions."

Remember that the English swindle  
only provides for the admission of Kan-  
sas as a Slave State.

## LIVING WITHOUT EATING.

We have published several letters re-  
specting this extraordinary case of suffering  
they are important to scientific men, and  
painfully interesting to all. The following  
is written by Rev. S. P. Williams to the  
Christian Advocate:

"Mrs. Hayes is not yet dead. I have  
seen her several times. And after reading  
all that has appeared in the Advocate in  
regard to her, venture to communicate a  
few thoughts upon her case. Before she  
passed into this peculiar and afflictive con-  
dition, her health was for some length of  
time extremely poor. She ate but little,  
and that little occasioned a considerable  
amount of suffering. Sometimes it threw  
her into spasms.—For nearly a year before  
she ceased to take refreshments altogether,  
she lived wholly, or nearly so, upon the  
juice of dried raspberries, until that became  
a source of suffering. Then, for a time,  
she took occasionally a small quantity of  
cold water; and it is now nearly a year  
since she swallowed any liquid to the knowl-  
edge of any one. Indeed I have no doubt  
that a teaspoonful of liquid put into her  
mouth would be the occasion of her death,  
unless the spasmodic action of her throat  
should expel it. Any person to see her  
ten minutes must be satisfied there is no  
deception in her case. Her head and  
shoulders, one or the other, are in perpe-  
tual motion. She is frequently thrown for-  
ward until she is nearly doubled together,  
and then she is thrown back, and her  
neck literally doubled, and the body forced  
back, and the whole face, chin and all, en-  
tirely buried in the pillow. This is done  
several times successively in less than five  
I take in writing it.

The last time in the series the face will  
remain nearly buried in the pillow, and  
she does not breathe for ten or fifteen min-  
utes. Once she remained sixty-two min-  
utes without breathing. When this is over  
and the spasms pass off she struggles for  
breath, and her head is rolled from side to  
side almost with the velocity of lightning  
for a moment or two; the face becomes red  
with the rush of blood to the head and the  
skin quite moist with perspiration. Then  
the spasms subside into a gentle motion of  
the jaw and shoulder, keeping time, as one  
would think, with the action of the heart.  
Her skin about the face, neck, chest and  
arms, is delicate and healthy as the skin  
of an infant. The pulsations of her blood  
exceedingly delicate, are quite regular.—  
Her hair does not grow, nor is it worn off  
the head, as one would naturally suppose,  
except a little just upon the crown. The ac-  
tion of the liver is entirely suspended of  
course. The action and state of the lungs  
are perfectly healthy. They have been  
thoroughly examined by skillful physicians,  
with the aid of a stethoscope, and are sup-  
posed to be perfect. Her nourishment is  
wholly from the atmosphere. The last  
natriment, indeed the last swallow of wa-  
ter she was known to take, was in the last  
of June, 1857. The last time she was  
known to be conscious was last December.  
When she comes out of these long spasms  
she seems to cry for a moment, like an  
infant in distress.—At such times her hus-  
band thinks she may be conscious. It is  
most distressing to hear it. She is not  
above the ordinary laws of disease. She  
has recently had a thorough case of the  
mumps, precisely as others have them.—  
Her nails upon her fingers, like her hair,  
do not grow at all.

## A WISE DESPOTISM.

The movement in Russia for the eman-  
cipation of the Serfs is receiving the cordial  
approval of the nobility and owners  
throughout the Empire. It is not only  
hailed as a movement involving the materi-  
al prosperity and glory of the Nation, but  
as a sacrifice "due to the rights of man."  
This vital Republican doctrine was thus  
enunciated in a speech by Gen. Mocravieff,  
who was deputed to conciliate one of  
the provinces to the measure:—  
Do not separate from your material cal-  
culations the respect due to the rights of  
man; render to man that which belongs to  
man, and you will justify the confidence of  
the sovereign of the nation. I say more—  
you will deserve the admiration of the  
whole world, whose eyes are fixed upon  
you at this moment. Your work will win  
for you the blessings of the Omnipotent  
and those of collective humanity, whilst  
history will rank you among promoters of  
justice, among those who love their neigh-  
bors, and will name you as the founders of  
your country's prosperity.

Sentiments like these reach the height  
of sublimity when uttered by such a man  
for such a purpose. "Render to man that  
which belongs to man," embodies the most  
exalted idea of human freedom. In what  
humiliating contrast does it place the  
utterances of some of our own pro-slavery  
apologists! What American citizen does  
not blush at the thought that while the  
Emperors and Nobles of Russia are thus  
seeking "to win the blessings of Omnipoten-  
cy" by giving personal freedom to every  
human being within the Empire, the Presi-  
dent of the United States and his coun-  
cillors are seeking to extend the area of hu-  
man bondage in this Republic!

Although this noble movement is pro-  
gressing in an Empire remote from us and  
under a government the very opposite of  
our own, its influence will be felt even  
here. It is impossible that such an exam-  
ple can be lost upon us. It is not an indi-  
vidual, nor a paltry Dakedom, which speaks.  
The voice does not come to us from a de-  
crepit Principality nor from a decayed  
Kingdom. It is not the death-bed utter-  
ance of old age or imbecility. It is the  
appeal of the Monarch of a vigorous, vast  
and mighty Empire. Such an appeal  
should be regarded, and it will be. It  
will aid in moulding that public opinion  
which is destined, sooner or later, to make  
this a Republic where neither Master nor  
Slave shall be known.

## More Bloodshed in Kansas

It appears by a letter to the Chicago  
*Tribune* dated April 29th, that fresh dif-  
ficulties have occurred in the vicinity of  
Fort Scott, which resulted in a collision  
between the United States troops under  
direction of Dr. Little, a member of the  
Lecompton Convention and ex-officio U.  
S. Marshal, and a party of Free State citi-  
zens. In the fray on the latter, one sol-  
dier was killed and several wounded.—  
None of the citizens were injured. The  
particulars given by the letter are as fol-  
lows:

Last Wednesday, a party of from fifteen  
to twenty, supposed to be Free State men,  
well armed and mounted, rode into the  
neighborhood of Mr. Painter, a pro-slavery  
man on the Marmaton, and ordered him  
to leave. No personal violence was offer-  
ed, however, to any of the settlers. These  
men, who were thus visited, had been en-  
gaged in the outrages committed upon  
Free State men last winter, and the prob-  
able determination is to clear the last rem-  
nant of them out of that county. As  
would naturally be anticipated, these pro-  
slavery men sent hasty notice to Fort  
Scott, about eight miles distant, for as-  
sistance. About one o'clock in the afternoon  
the notorious Dr. Blake Little, with about  
twenty-five dragoons, came in sight of the  
first party. Not seeking a collision with  
the army of our country, they retreated,  
and undertook to evade them; but the  
troops gave chase, and a race of several  
miles followed. At length the Free State  
men halted and formed a line, and ordered  
their pursuers to halt, but the order was  
not regarded. The order was repeated,  
with what the consequence would be if  
they persisted. The Marshal dodged be-  
hind the troops and fired a full round up-  
on them, making general havoc in their  
ranks. One soldier was killed, and several  
others were wounded, besides the captain.  
The captain's horse was killed, as were  
three or four others. After returning the  
fire without effect, they retreated to the  
opposite side of the Marmaton. No Free  
State man was injured. The troops sent  
immediately to the Fort for reinforcements  
and about fifty men soon joined them.—  
The notorious murderer, Brockett, was  
also with them. They consulted together  
for an hour or two and finally returned to  
the Fort without attempting any further  
attack upon the Free State men. Some  
twenty other Free State men had gather-  
ed together meanwhile, but kept them-  
selves in ambush, ready for fire in the rear,  
had an attack been made.

My informant states that all has been  
quiet until he left on Friday, and our  
friends generally believe that the war is  
over. It is probable that Little has now  
learned that he is a doomed man, and that  
even United States troops will not protect  
his head from the indignant people. He  
will not be likely to venture beyond the  
shadow of the Fort again at present, for it  
was his life that was sought, not that of  
the automaton soldiers.

**THE NEW LIQUOR LAW.**—The Harris-  
burgh (Pa.) *Tele.* of Monday evening last,  
publishes the charge of Judge Pearson to  
the Grand Jury of the Court of Quarter  
Sessions, now in session in Dauphin Coun-  
ty, in which his honor thus speaks of the  
liquor law passed by the last Legislature:

"His honor remarked to the Grand Ju-  
ry that they need not enquire into any vi-  
olation of the Liquor law, as the law pun-  
ishing such offences was repealed by the  
last law, without protecting the Common-  
wealth. All these charges were therefore  
at an end. He further remarked that the  
Court was bound to grant all licenses for  
which applications were made, provided the  
applicant could get 12 men to sign his  
application, and they might even be of the  
worst character. The Court had no dis-  
cretionary power left whatever, if 12 men  
would certify that the applicant had the  
 requisite character. The law in general  
was condemned, and some of its provi-  
sions severely commented upon.

He remarked that the County Treasur-  
er was bound to grant all licenses for Res-  
taurants that made application to him, and  
that the Courts had only the power to  
grant tavern licenses."

**PRESIDENT HARRISON A TEACHER.**—  
President Harrison taught, for several years  
in a humble Sabbath School on the banks  
of the Ohio. The Sabbath before he left  
home for Washington, to assume the du-  
ties of Chief Magistrate of the Nation, he  
met his Bible class as usual. And his last  
counsel on the subject to his gardener, at  
Washington, it may be hoped, will never  
be forgotten by the Nation. When ad-  
vised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, he  
replied, "rather set a *Sunday School Teach-  
er* to take care of the boys."

**WANTS TO TAKE YOUR HAT.**—Young  
men, a word. We want to tell you when  
you should take your hat and be off. And  
mind what we offer. It is

When you are asked to take a drink.  
When you find out you are courting a  
slovenly and extravagant girl.

When you find yourself in doubtful com-  
pany.

When you discover that your expenses  
run ahead of your income.

When you are abusing the confidence  
of your friends.

When you think that you are a great  
deal wiser than older and more experi-  
enced people than yourself.

When you feel like getting trusted to a  
new suit of clothes, when you haven't money  
to pay for them.

When you don't perform your duty,  
your whole duty, and nothing but your  
duty.

## True Eloquence.

The following is an extract from a tem-  
perance address delivered at Galesburg,  
Ill., by the great lecturer, J. B. Gordon:

Taking up a glass with water in it, he  
held it aloft to the audience; then ap-  
proaching it, he exclaimed:

"Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth!  
Behold it! See its purity! How it glis-  
ters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a  
beverage that was brewed by the hand of  
the Almighty himself! Not in the sum-  
mering still, over smoking fires, choked  
with poisonous gases, and surrounded by  
the stench of sickening odors and rank cor-  
ruptions doth our Father in Heaven pre-  
pare the precious essence of life, the pure  
cold water; but in the green glade and  
grassy field, where the red deer wanders  
and the child loves to play; there God  
brows it, and down, in the deepest valleys,  
where the fountains murmur and the rills  
sing; and high upon the tall mountain top  
where the naked granite glistens like gold  
in the sun, where the storm clouds brood  
and the thunder storms crash; and away  
far out on the wide sea, where the hurri-  
cane howls and the big waves roll the  
chorus, sweeping the march of God—there  
he brews it, that beverage of life—a health-  
giving water! And everywhere it is a thing  
of beauty; glistening in the dew drop—  
singing in the summer rain—shining in the  
ice-berg, till the trees all seemed turn-  
ed into living jewels spreading a golden  
veil over the setting sun or a white gauze  
around the midnight moon—sporting in  
the cataract—sleeping in the glaciers—dan-  
cing in the hail shower—folding its bright  
curtain softly about the windy world, and  
weaving the many colored iris—that ser-  
aph's zone of the sky—whose warp is the  
rain drop of heaven, all checked over with  
cosmical flowers, by the mystic hand of re-  
fracting—still always it is beautiful, that  
blessed life water! No poison bubbles on  
the brink; its foam brings no sadness or  
murder; no blood stains its limpid glass;  
murder-beaten wives, pale widows and  
starving orphaned souls no tears in its depths  
no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the  
grave curses it in words of eternal despair;  
beautiful, pure, blessed and glorious; give  
me forever the sparkling pure cold water!"

## The Kind of Dose Swallowed.

Col. Forney, in his *Press*, after Le-  
compton junior had been gulped down by  
the Democratic recusants, turns the stom-  
achs of honest men by a description of the  
dose swallowed. He says:

The unfortunate gentlemen who have  
swallowed the English bolts at the last  
gasp, have waited till the Lecompton com-  
pound assumed its most nauseous and re-  
volving shape. They rebelled against the  
straight-out surrender contained in the first  
Senate bill, and they rebelled with noise  
and confusion; and from that time  
until the present, nothing would suit them  
but the pure principle of popular sover-  
eignty. These Owen Joneses of the  
House took enormous credit to themselves  
for their Roman integrity, and to hear  
them talk one would have supposed that  
they would rather give up their valuable  
lives than their personal honor. But just  
as the Lecompton folly got to be the most  
disgusting, when like a great ulcer, it  
offended all the senses of honest men, they  
came forward and accept it, and accept it  
too with thanks! Messrs. Hunter of the  
Senate, and Stephens of the House, both  
Southern men, seem determined to test  
the endurance of their eleventh hour con-  
verts from the North; and so, after mak-  
ing the English bill as objectionable as  
the could, they rose each in his place, and  
declared that it was not the purpose of the  
bill to submit the Lecompton constitution  
to the people of Kansas at all. It was  
hardly fair for their new recruits, but the  
Southern leaders knew their men.

Forney does not flinch in his fight  
against Lecompton scoundrelism. His  
paper of Saturday is full of fire. He pro-  
nounces the English bill the "incarnation  
of treachery and duplicity," and says that  
it differs with its precedents in this:

That they were swindles and this is a  
bribe; which, professing to submit Lecom-  
ton to the people, did not submit it, ac-  
cording to Southern exponents; and  
which, starting out in the preamble with a  
scandalous misstatement, crowned the  
whole proceeding with a declaration that  
if the people of Kansas did not take it,  
they should faster in dissentions till it suited  
their masters to admit them.

And this is the scheme that was forced  
through yesterday—the black Friday of  
our century.

Well may the Senator from New York  
cry 'shame' upon the dark and damning  
deed.

And history will cry shame upon it too.  
After Macbeth has slaughtered Duncan,  
and while contemplating his double trea-  
son to his king and his guest, thus violat-  
ing his political and his personal honor,  
he exclaims, looking at his bloody hands,  
"This is a sorry sight." Those who read  
over yesterday's proceedings in Congress,  
the report, as they are, of a violation of all  
honor and faith on the part of the people's  
Representatives, will be impelled to make  
the same observation.

Newspaper subscribers are infalli-  
ble indications of man's moral honesty.—  
They will sooner or later discover the man.  
If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer  
in some way,—say he has paid when he  
has not, or sent the money and it was lost  
in the mail, or will take the paper for years  
without paying, and then move off and  
leave it coming to the office he left.

## What it Takes to Feed London.

This vast metropolis eats an amount  
of food of which it is curious to realize the  
daily bringing in. The *Tribune* is thus  
ingeniously drawn by a late writer:

"Let us imagine ourselves on the top of  
the tower a mile high in Hyde Park; we  
look off to the north, and we see a drove of  
cattle seventy-two miles long approaching  
the city; we look to the west, and we see a  
mass of bleating wool twelve miles in  
length; again to the South, and we see a  
herd of swine coming toward us whose  
driver is ten miles off, after these have all  
arrived at their journey's end, a cloud ap-  
proaches, which we find to be composed of  
turkeys, geese and chickens and game of  
all sorts—and this extends over fifty-one  
acres.

When we estimate the amount of fish  
consumed yearly, we find their number to be  
billions, and equal in bulk to the river  
Thames.

And besides these articles of food, if all  
the hams, bacon, smoked beef, &c., were  
placed in a pile, they would form a pyra-  
mid, whose base would be two hundred  
feet square, and twelve hundred and ninety  
three feet high."

**THE USES OF BORDER RUFFIANISM.**—  
It seems by the following extract from the  
speech recently delivered in Congress, by  
Mr. Thayer, that Border Ruffianism has  
its uses. On this subject that eloquent  
friend of freedom very truthfully says:

"If we thank God for patriots, we should  
also thank him for tyrants; for what great  
achievements have patriots ever made, with-  
out the stimulus of tyranny? Without  
vice, virtue itself must be insipid; and  
without wicked and mean men, there could  
be no heroes.

"The brave man rejoices in the opposi-  
tion of the enemy of his rights. Wicked  
and mean men are the stepping-stones on  
which the good and great ascend to heav-  
en and immortal fame.

"These miscreants, cursed both by God  
and man, subvert important interests.—  
The sacred volume which unfolds to us the  
life and sufferings of the Saviour of men,  
make record also of Pontius Pilate and of  
Judas Iscariot as necessary agencies in the  
great redemption.

"So I will denounce no man who has  
fought against Freedom in Kansas, as en-  
tirely useless in the grand result. But  
what a team to draw the chariot of Free-  
dom! Atchison and Stringfellow and  
John Calhoun, with the two successors of  
Millard Fillmore to lift at the wheels."

So to the future historian may discover  
that even the infamous administration of  
Buchanan may serve the purpose of rousing  
the people to a watchfulness of their rights  
and privileges, and of causing them to dis-  
tinctly forever weak and ambitious aspirants  
for the high places of the nation. "Sweet  
are the uses of adversity" if they are prop-  
erly applied.

**TO THE MILLION.**—Prof. Wood, of St.  
Louis, has, after years of deep study and  
unfailing research, succeeded in presenting  
to the public an article superior to any now  
in use, and indeed it is truly a wonderful  
discovery—we advert to his Hair Restora-  
tive; the only article that has been com-  
pletely successful in cheating age of his  
gray locks, removing dandruff, itching,  
scrofula, &c. It restores the gray headed  
to more than the original beauty; adds  
new lustre to locks already luxuriant; hav-  
ing the effect on coarse, harsh hair to ren-  
der it glossy and watery; fastens perman-  
ly hair that is loose or falling, any many  
other qualities which will become known  
as soon as used.

The pride of mankind is singularly de-  
veloped in the keeping and arrangement of  
the hair; perhaps from the fact that it is  
the only portion of the human body that  
we can train in any way we choose; how  
important then, having this portion left  
to our care, that we should use all the  
means science has placed in our hands to  
render it beautiful and permanent. If you  
would have beautiful hair, glossy hair, per-  
manent hair, hair with its natural color ele-  
gantly preserved to extreme old age don't  
fail to purchase Wood's Hair Restorative.  
—[Daily Iowa State Gazette.]

## A Pioneer Apple Tree.

There is an Apple Tree on the north  
bank of the Maumee River, opposite old  
Fort Defiance, apparently nearly old enough  
to have borne the "forbidden fruit." It is  
known as the "Old Indian Apple Tree,"  
and when Gen. Wayne's army was sta-  
tioned at Fort Defiance in 1794, it was  
large and fruit-bearing. Mr. Southworth,  
the present owner, has carefully protected  
the aboriginal from vandalism, by surround-  
ing it with a high board fence and keeping  
the tree under lock and key. The enclo-  
sure is forty feet in diameter—the limbs  
project over it several feet, so that the area  
covered by the branches is fully two thou-  
sand and square feet. It is a great bearer, and  
one hundred bushels of apples have been  
gathered from the tree in one season. Its  
ordinary yield is from fifty to sixty bushels.  
The fruit is very fine, large size, from 12  
to 14 ounces, is tart and good keeper for  
Winter; the color is whitish green with a  
little red on one side. One foot from the  
ground the tree measures 15 feet 4 1/2 inches  
in circumference. It is still thrifty and  
grows fast.

The famous old Tree evidently dates an-  
terior to any known English settlement in  
Ohio or in any of the Western States.—  
Its age is supposed to be from 125 to 150  
years and the origin of this isolated pion-  
eer of civilization is attributed to the  
drooping of a seed by some migratory bird  
either from the English Colonies or from  
the French Colonies, in Arcadia or the  
Canadas.—*Leader.*

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